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"You mean quarrels among the rebels themselves, Captain Andre?" the commander inquired. "And if so, why should not that very fact be an argument for attacking a force adding dissension to its other elements of weakness? That can not be one of the questions, I think, not ripe for an answer!"

"By no means, Sir William," the young officer replied, pausing only a moment before making his calm response. "Under any ordinary circumstances, your inference would be conclusive, as, under submission, it is not now. Sir John has said what he believed would be the case before the middle of March: I have every reason to believe, almost to know," and here his voice fell lower, as that of one dealing with matters of the utmost secrecy; "that *before the middle of February, Washington will be superseded in the command of what he calls his army*, if they are quietly allowed to starve and freeze, and are not stopped by some employment that *we* give them, from their favorite amusement of plotting."

A prolonged "Phew!" of surprise was the sufficient comment on this startling announcement, from the lips of Sir John Wrottesley; but there was enough of force in it to startle Sir William Howe from his lounge, to make him toss off a glass of wine at a gulp, and ask in a tone of agitated interest:

"In whose favor, in God's name? Or is that one of the questions that must not be answered?"

"Not at all, Sir William. In favor of one or the other of those two puissant commanders — Gates or Charles Lee, with a bare possibility of Conway."

A second "Phew!" even more prolonged than the other, came from Sir John, still retaining his lounge; and Sir William's comment, as he strode two or three times up and down the room, should have been heard not only at Valley Forge but in the circumscribed halls of the Congress at Lancaster.

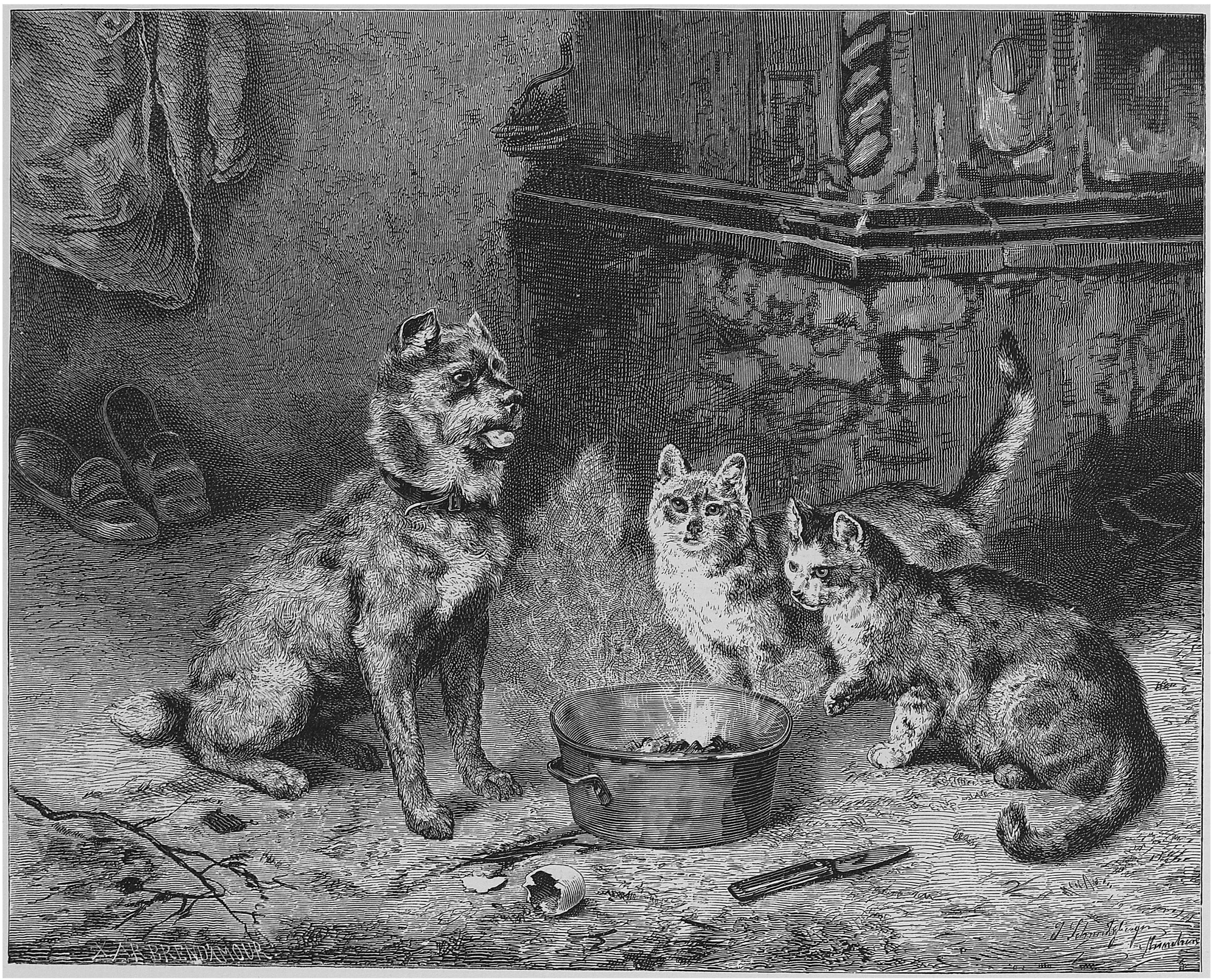
"By the Lord, this is refreshing, indeed! Gates, who believes that he took Burgoyne, when he would have been cut to pieces but for Schuyler! Charles Lee, a second edition of Dalgetty, and too ill-tempered to command even a troop of horse! And Conway — of the Nose! But we will leave out Conway — eh, Sir John! — either of the others will serve the purpose admirably! Make me sure of what you have hinted, Captain Andre, and the day that you do so, a major's brevet is at your service, and a major's commission if my good word goes for anything!"

"As a faithful servant of his Majesty's, Sir William," replied the young officer, in a voice very grave and earnest, and with something like a shudder passing over his frame, that both the elders afterward remembered with feelings akin to that very emotion; "you may depend upon my doing the little within my power, to remove the present commander, in whom, for some cause or other, I do not place implicit confidence, from the head of the rebel army."

It is just possible that Sir William Howe may have been suspicious, before that hour, of secrets, and even commissions, in the keeping of his subordinate, emanating from authority equally high with that which gave him his own high charge, and not to be inquired into too closely, even by a commander-in-chief. It is even possible that in some such knowledge or suspicion, rendered all the more plausible by the blood of a race of native intrigue, which Andre inherited, both Sir William and Sir Henry Clinton may have found reason for that confidence so certainly reposed in him, and already referred to as a historical problem. Certain it is that, on that occasion, the reply just made seemed to the commander to contain much more than had been spoken, and that he made no response other than an expression of high satisfaction, also evident in his clearing brow and almost jubilant manner.

"Gentlemen, join me in a glass!" he said, more gayly than he had before spoken word that evening. "No — let it be a bumper! I give you, gentlemen, the downfall of that bad management which has so long crippled the rebel army, and the coming of that new and vigorous command of — by the Lord, the idea is magnificent! — Gates, Lee, or even Conway!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



PATIENCE.

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"PATIENCE," AND "AN UNBIDDEN GUEST."

"HEAVEN grant me patience!" is often the cry of delayed and waiting humanity; and yet it is possible that others may have frequent occasion to make the supplication. Can anything be more tormenting than the position of the wiry terrier and the two pussies, in the picture, when the savory mess before them is too hot to eat, (one of the cats has tried the kettle, and burned her foot!) and when experience has shown that "now or never!" is very often the rule of liberal feasting? A different hindrance to the banquet is the sudden appearance of the screaming and fierce-billed magpie, in the second picture, not only delaying operations on the part of the puppies, but threatening to upset the precious dish as a crowning catastrophe.

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EARLY SORROW.

Is any sorrow, in our lives' whole range,
  More sadly real or more hard to bear,
Than that, when childish pets and pleasures change,
  And childish lips first taste of grief's despair?
No — ne'er a mother laid her babe away
  More sadly, in the churchyard's hallowed mould,
Than other babes have felt, on many a day,
  When pet-birds in their tiny hands lay cold.
So tender is the heart, in early years,
  Compared with duller throbs of by and bye,
That none can say if life's most bitter tears
  May not be shed when birds or kittens die.
And woe to him who slights the childish grief
  Or laughs to scorn such feeling fond and true! —
Cold hearts in older years, have hardening chief
  From early lack of pity's pearly dew.

found to be riding; and the third—that of Marriner—was ordered to make a considerable circuit, toward the Narrows, westward, and approach from the Long Island side, so as, at the moment of discovery, when that should be inevitable, to divide the attention of the watch on deck, cause greater confusion in the impression of a combined attack, and prevent possible escape in the boats of the vessel, to the Long Island shore. At long past midnight, there was every possibility of all except the mere watch being below; and the shelter of the bulwarks on a cold night could well be depended upon to prevent that look-out being over-vigilant, especially off a friendly shore, and with no foe believed to exist in the near vicinity.

Most of these calculations proved correct. All would probably have done so, but for the fact that the captain of the corvette and some of his officers were attending a ball at New Utrecht,—and that two of the boats of that vessel, well manned and armed, were lying at the Long Island beach, ready to receive and convey them on board, on their return from the festivity.

Thus it chanced that, the third boat, commanded by Marriner, having a somewhat longer circuit to make than that described by the other two, that two first approached the side of the corvette, were discovered and the alarm given, too late to prevent boarding on the part of the determined adventurers, but in time to bring off to the rescue the two man-of-war's boats from the shore, with a petty officer in charge. With so short a distance to row, they were at the side of the vessel before Marriner's boat could reach it; and a fight between the three boats ensued, leading to the destruction of the whale-boat and the capture of so many of her crew as failed to escape to the other boats by swimming—the corvette's boats being eventually obliged to make for the shore, when it became evident that their vessel was a prize, but carrying away with her no less than six of Huyler's Men as prisoners.

Among those who escaped to the other boats, was William Marriner, of whom it was often said from his spareness, that "he had been spawned by a water-snake," and who had the reputation of "diving deeper and staying longer under water," than any other man of his time. But among those who did *not* escape, were poor Walter Hartshorne, wounded and thus rendered helpless in the first encounter of the boats—and his Damon—"Daredevil Tom Wayne," who might easily have done so, had he been coward enough to leave the wounded youngster to his fate. So it was that while Captain Huyler, successful in his attack, but deprived of the aid of Marriner in making it, carried out his purpose, killed or captured so many of those on board as did not manage to throw themselves overboard and swim to the shore, while he plundered the vessel and set her on fire before leaving—so it was that while all this was being set down to the successful side of the enterprise account, there was *per contra* one lost whale-boat, its arms and equipments, and Tom Wayne, his youngster *protégé*, and four others, borne away prisoners to the Long Island shore, and thence to New York and that terrible confinement in the Sugar House, which seemed to have been located on *Liberty Street* with a special ironical eye to its subsequent uses.

Whether Captain Adam Huyler and the remainder of his men, rowing more leisurely back across Romer toward Sandy Hook, in the gray light of the early winter dawn, at first considered themselves the winners or the losers in the expedition, we have no legendary ground to conjecture. Their loss was heavy, but much more heavy was that of the enemy. But there is sound tradition for the fact that at a certain point of that return voyage, the captain found no difficulty whatever in deciding as to what might have been the gain and loss of the transaction. It is asserted that he tore out some portions of his long beard by the roots, and horrified even his rough companions by the depth and sonorousness of his profanity. For one of the prisoners—a petty officer—then and there told him, with a chuckle, and narrowly escaped going overboard as a reward for the aggravating information,—that had he searched a little farther in the officers' quarters, and not been so hasty in setting fire to the corvette, he might have come upon some ten thousand pounds sterling, in good English gold, remaining on board for conveyance to the West Indies!

EARLY SORROW.—T. COBB.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT SIR WILLIAM HOWE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

THREE persons were sitting, on one of those January nights, before a blazing fire of oaken logs, supported on huge ornamented brass andirons, in a large fireplace of fine brick-work with Dutch tiles glimmering brightly on the jambs,—in an apartment of moderate size but considerable luxury in appointment, standing on High Street not far from the corner of Sixth, in the good city of Philadelphia. That Philadelphia which the British commander believed himself to have taken after his successes of the previous autumn, but which Franklin declared had "taken Howe himself," quite as effectually as he could have been ensnared by defeat.

The fine old house, of substantial stone, with a breadth of front permitting four windows on the second floor, and three and a door on the lower, had also dormer-windows at front and rear, and stood in a certain dignified isolation, a broad yard separating it from the next house on the right, and somewhat extensive planted grounds and gardens balancing that feature at the left. The abode was quite worthy of its occupancy as the head-quarters of Sir William Howe, and the strongest of contrasts to the plain and sombre building (hereafter to be more closely noticed), supplying shelter to his opponent commander-in-chief, at desolate Valley Forge,—though by no means comparable to the luxuriousness of that which became, for a brief and brilliant period, the quarters of the successor of Sir William in command—Sir Henry Clinton.

The furnishing of this room was equally handsome and substantial: dark woods, upholstered in costly cloths and the finest of foreign leathers, supplying the material of chairs and lounges, the latter sufficiently numerous to indicate both wealth and indulgent habits in those ordinarily occupying it. These conveniences, and a chair or two, were drawn comfortably near the fire, so necessary in the sharp atmosphere of the winter night; and a little beyond them, and still near the fire, was a table covered with a rich cloth and bearing two or three maps, some books, decanters and goblets with wines, the remains of a fowl and some biscuits, as if a light repast had lately been blended with business involving the use of the less physical materials.

Extended half at length on one of the lounges, lay a man of something past fifty years, with a face clearly enough cut by nature, but a little full and heavy through good-living and moderate habits of indulgence. His head was covered by one of the queued wigs of the time, but without powder, and his person clothed in black velvet knee-breeches, silken hose, broad buckled shoes, a very richly embroidered flapped waistcoat, and a colored dressing-gown with a trifle of fur showing at collar and lappets, in compliment to the season at which it was intended to be worn. Marked ability, perhaps a little marred by the indecision belonging to good-nature, was visible in the face; while the position—with the thrown-up arms supporting the head—was that of a man accustomed to ease and quite content in the enjoyment of it, wherever it chanced to be found.

This was no less a person than Sir William Howe himself—the British commander-in-chief in America, and a scion of a somewhat remarkable race, in conflicts by land and sea, and in the singular inability to continue any succession to honors very freely bestowed upon them by a grateful sovereign. Brother to that George, first Viscount Howe, who fell in the attack against the French at Ticonderoga in 1758,—and to that Edward, his successor in the title, who conferred so much distinction on the royal arms, not only during this war, but afterward in the West Indies and at Gibraltar,—Sir William had, at that time, little prospect of the title afterward to devolve upon him, in the Irish viscounty, which was to lapse through failure of succession, like all the other honors of the family.

History has never yet been quite able to assign a place to this commander, who certainly possessed ability but never achieved decided results—who was by nature lenient, yet easily excited to something